







To the Right honourable VVilliam Earle  
of Darby, Lord Stanly, Lord Strange, of Knocking  
and of the Isle of Man, and Knight of the most noble Order  
of the Garter. *Francis Pilkington* wisheth health, with increase  
of Honour in this life, and Eternitie heereafter.



**A**RISTOXENUS (*thrice noble Lord*) held that the Soule of man was Musicke: But that the being thereof was framed of Bambees, as the Pithagorians affirme: But for that it is the subiect and obiect of all harmonickall concerts: Intimating heereby the dignitie and high renowne of that Art, which descended from so noble a stemme, seeketh by all meanes possible to nobilitate the same, and that man to bee vnfit for the society and commerce of men, that honoureth not so worthy a Jewell for the life of man. Which opinion verely is worthy ARISTOXENUS, that is to say, a noble Philosopher, yet how little squaring with the time, experience a perfect Mistresse of truth hath a long time taught. For who regardeth the melodius charmes of Orpheus, or enchanting melodie of Arion: surely but a few, Quos æquus amavit Iupiter dijs geniti, aut ardeus euexit ad æthera virtus. Of which rancke seeing your Lordship hath giuen vndoubted testimonies of your honour to bee one: Musitions should commit an vndiscreet part of ingratitude not to acknowledge so great a fauour. For mine owne part (who am meanest of many which professe this diuine skill, though not meanest in good will & humble affection to your Honor) I must confesse my selfe many waies obliged to your Lordships familie, not onely, for that my Father and Brother receiued many graces of your Honours noble Father, whom they followed, but that my self had the like of your most honorable Brother, euen from the first notice he chanced to take of mee. And therefore (most honourable Lord) I haue heere presented this oblation, howsoeuer meane, a token of mine affectionate good will and Loue, yea onely deuoted to your Lordship, which if it may gaine your gracious acceptation, will feare neither Zoilus nor Momus his reprehension.

Your Honours in all dutie

*Francis Pilkington.*









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<b>N</b> ow peep, boe peep, thrise happie blest mine eies.	I
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Rest sweet <i>Nymphes</i> let goulden sleepe, charme your Star brighter eies.	VI
Aye mee, shee frownes, my mistresse is offended.	VII
Now let her change and spare not, since she proues false I care not.	VIII
Vnderneath a <i>Cypris</i> shade, the Queene of Loue fate mourning.	IX
Sound wofull plaints in hills and woods.	X
You that pine in long desire.	XI
Looke Mistresse mine, within this hollow brest.	XII
Clime O hart, clime to thy rest.	XIII
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Beautie fate bathing by a spring, where fairest shades did hide her.	XVIII
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Come, come all you that draw heauens purest breath.	XXI
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FINIS.



B.





Ow peep, boe peep, thrise happie blest mine eies, For I haue found faire  
*Phyllis*, for I haue found faire *Phyllis* where she lies, Vpon her  
 bed, with armes vnspred, all fast a sleepe, Vnmaskt her face, thrise happie grace, fare-  
 well, fare-well my Sheepe, Looke to your selues, new charge I must ap- proue, *Phyllis* doth  
 sleepe, *Phyllis* doth sleepe, And I must guard my Loue, Looke.

2 Now peep boe peep, mine eyes to see your blisse,  
*Phyllis* clost eyes attract you, hers to kisse:  
 Oh may I now performe my vow, loues ioy t'impart,  
 As say the while, how to be-guile, farewell faint hart:  
 Taken she is, new ioyes I must approue,  
*Phyllis* doth sleep, and I will kisse my Loue.

3 Now peep, boe peep, be not too bould my hand,  
 Wake not thy *Phyllis*, feare shee doe with-stand:  
 Shee stirs alas, alas, alas I faint in spright,  
 Shee opes her eie, vnhappy I, farewell delight.  
 Awakt shee is, new woes I must approue,  
*Phyllis* awakes, and I must leaue my Loue.



**N** Ow peep, boe peep, thise happie blest mine eyes, For I haue found faire *Phyllis*, for I haue found faire *Phyllis* where shee lies, vpon her bed, vpon her bed with armes vnspred, All fast a sleepe, vnmas'kt her face, thise happie grace, Farewell, farewell my sheepe, Looke to your selues, Looke to your selues, new charge I must ap-proue, *Phyllis* doth sleepe, *Phyllis* doth sleepe and I must guard my Loue. Looke to your &c.

ALTO.

**BASSO.**

**I.** Ow peep, boe peep, thise happie blest mine eyes, For I haue found faire *Phyllis*, for I haue found faire *Phyllis* where shee lies, Vpon her bed with armes vnspred, all fast a sleepe, Vnmas'kt her face, thise happie grace, Farewell, farewell my sheepe, Looke to your selues, new charge I must approue, *Phyllis* doth sleepe, *Phyllis* doth sleepe, and I must guard my Loue. Looke to &c.

**I.**

**TENORE.**

**N** Ow peep, boe peep, thise happie blest mine eyes, For I haue found my *Phyllis*, for I haue found my *Phyllis* where shee lies, Vpon her bed with armes vnspred, vpon her bed with armes vnspred, with armes vnspred, all fast a sleepe, vnmas'kt her face, thise happie grace, Farewell, farewell my sheepe, Looke to your selues, looke to your selues, new charge I must ap-proue, *Phyllis* doth sleepe, *Phyllis* doth sleepe, and I must guard my Loue. Looke to your &c.



## II.

## CANTO.



Y choice is made and I de- fire no change, My wan-  
The de- ferts wilde wherein my wits did range, Are now

dring thoughts in li- mits now are bound: Let him that list sooth hu- mors that  
made ea- sie / alks and plea- sant ground: Let passions stil pos- sesse the i-

be vaine, Till va- ni- tie all meane ex-ceeds, I rest resolu'd no  
die braine, And care con- sume whom fol- ly feeds.

fancies fits can mee e- strange, My choice is made, and I

de- fire no more to change.

2 Change they their choice, to whose delicious sence,  
The strangest objects are of most esteeme:  
Inconstant likeing may find excellence,  
In things which (being not good) yet best doe seeme.  
Let gallant blouds still crowne their sports with ioy,  
Whom honor, wealth, and pleasure fills:  
Let sweet contentment neuer find annoy,  
While *Fortune* frames things to their wills.  
This stirs not mee, I am the same, I was before.  
My choice is made, and I desire to change no more.

3 Be my choice blame, or be I thought vnwise,  
To hold my choice, by others not approued,  
I say, that to my selfe I fall or rise;  
By feare, or force I cannot be remoued.  
Let friends in pittie doubt of my successe,  
Their pittie gets no thanks at all:  
Let foes be glad to see my hopes grow lesse,  
I scorne the worst that wish they shall:  
Still stand I firme, my hart is set, and shall remaine,  
My choice is made, and neuer will I change againe.



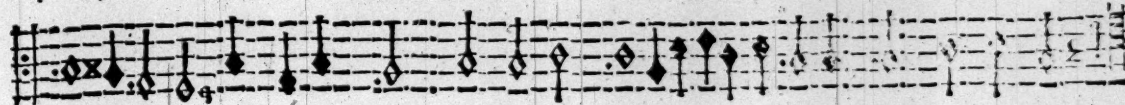
I rest resolu'd, no fancies fits can mee estrange, my choice is made, and I desire no more to change.



Let him that list sooth humors that be vaine, till va- ni- tie, till va- ni- tie all meane ex-ceedes.  
Let passions still pos- seffe the I- dle braine, and care consume, and care consume, whom fol- he feedes.



Y choice is made, and I de- fire no change, my wandring thoughts in li- mits now are bound.  
The de- ferts wilde, wherin my wits did range, are now made ea- sie walks and plea- sant ground.



ALTO.

BASSO.

II.



Y choice is made, and I de- fire no change, my mandring  
The de- ferts wilde, wherin my wits did range, are now made

M



thoughts in li- mits now are bound. Let him that list sooth humors that be  
ea- sie walks and plea- sant ground. Let passions still pos- seffe the I- dle



vaine, till va- ni- tie, all meane ex-ceede. I rest resolu'd, no fancies fits  
braine, and care consume, whom fo- he feedes.



can mee estrange, my choice is made, and I desire no more to change.

II.

TENORE.

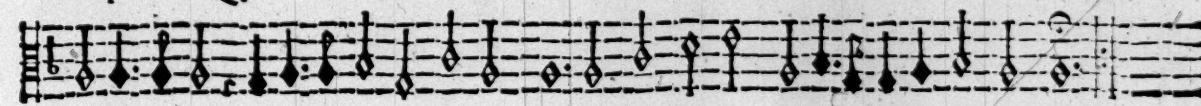
M



Y choice is made, and I de- fire no change, my wandring thoughts in li- mits now are bound.  
The de- ferts wilde, wherin my wits did range, are now made ea- sie walks and plea- sant ground.



Let him that list sooth humors that be vaine, till va- ni- tie, till va- ni- tie all meane ex-ceedes.  
Let passions still pos- seffe the I- dle braine, and care consume, and care consume, whom fol- he feedes.



I rest resolu'd, no fancies fits can mee estrange, my choice is made, and I desire no more to change.

C.



## III.

## CANTO.



An she disdain, can I per-sist to loue, can she be cruell, I subiected

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r r a a e r a a r r e t t t r e t t t

r r a a e r a a r r e t t t r e t t t

still. Time will my truth, com- passi-on hers a- proue, re- lease the

F F F F F F F F F F

a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a

r r r r r r r r r r r r r r r r

r r a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a

thrald, and con- quer fro- ward will. I loue not lust,

F F F F F F F F F F

a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a

r r r r r r r r r r r r r r r r

r r a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a

Oh, oh therefore let her daigne, to equal my de- fires, to ij. my de-

F F F F F F F F F F

a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a

r r r r r r r r r r r r r r r r

r r a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a

fires with like a- gaine. I loue not, &c.

F F F F F F F F F F

a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a

r r r r r r r r r r r r r r r r

r r a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a

Am I not pleasing in her prouder eies,  
 Oh that she knew Loues power as well as I,  
 Wittie she is, but Loues more wittie wise,  
 She breathes on earth, he Raignes in heauen on high.  
 I loue not lust, oh therefore let her daigne,  
 To equall my desires with like againe.

Loue scornes the abiect earth his sacred fires,  
 Vnites diuided mindes disseuers none,  
 Contempt springs out of fleshly base desires,  
 Setting debate twixt loue and vnion.  
 I loue not lust, oh therefore let her daigne,  
 To equall my desires, with like againe.



An shee disdaine can I persist to  
 Ioue, Can shee be cruell I subiected still. Time  
 will my truth compassion hers a proue, release the  
 thrall, and conquer fro- ward will. I  
 Ioue not lust, I loue not lust. Oh therefore let her daigne, to equall my desires, to ij.  
 with like a gaine. I loue not &c.

ALTO.

III. BASSO.  
 An shee disdaine, Can I persist to loue, can shee bee cruell  
 I subiected still. Time will my truth compassion hers a proue,  
 release the thrall and conquer froward will. I loue not lust, Oh  
 therefore let her daigne, oh ij.  
 to equall my desires, I loue not &c.

III.

TENORE.

An shee disdaine, can I persist to loue, can shee be cruell I subiected still. Time will in truth  
 compassion hers approue, release the thrall and conquer froward will. I loue not lust Oh therefore  
 let her daigne, Oh ij. to equall my desires, to equall my desires with like a gaine. I loue not &c.

C.ii





Las faire face why doth that smoo-  
All in them felues con- firme a scorn-

art a et a a a a a a  
r r t r r b a r d a  
a r

thed brow : those speaking eies red'd lips, and blush-ing beautie.  
full vow : to spoile my hopes of loue, my loue of du-tie. The time

art a a a a a r t a a a  
r r a a r r d a r e r r a a a  
e r r a t a a r a a a a

hath bin, when I was bet- ter graft : I now the same, and yet

art a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a  
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r e

that time is past.

art a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a  
r  
e r a

Is it because that thou art onely faire,  
Oh no such gracefull lookes banish disdaine,  
How then, to feede my passions with dispaire,  
Feede on sweet loue, so I be loued againe.  
Well may thy publike scorne, and outward pride,  
Inward affections, and best likings hide.

Breath but a gentle aire, and I shall live,  
Smyke in a clowde, so shall my hopes renue,  
One kind regard, and second seing giue,  
One rising Morne, and my blacke woes subdue.  
If not, yet looke vpon the friendly Sunne,  
That by his beames, my beames to thine may runne.



**A**

Las faire face, why doth that smoothed brow. Those speak- ing  
 All in them selues, confirme a scornfull vow. To spoyle my  
 eies, rosd lips, and blush- ing beautie. The time hath bene, when I was better  
 hopes of loue, my loue of du- tie. graft, I now the same, and yet that time is past. The time hath, &c.

ALTO.

IIII.

BASSO.

IIII.

**A**

Las faire face, why doth that smoothed brow. Those speak- ing  
 All in them selues confirme a scornfull vow. To spoyle my  
 eies, rosd lips and blushing beautie. The time hath bin when I was better  
 hopes of loue, my loue of deitie. graft, I now the same, and yet the time is past. The time hath, &c.

IIII.

TENORE.

**A**

Las faire face, why doth that smoothed brow. Those speak- ing  
 All in them selues, confirme a scornfull vow. To spoyle my  
 eies, rosd lips, and blush- ing beautie. The time hath bene, when I was better graft,  
 hopes of loue, my loue of du- tie. I now the same, and yet that time is past. The time hath, &c.

D.





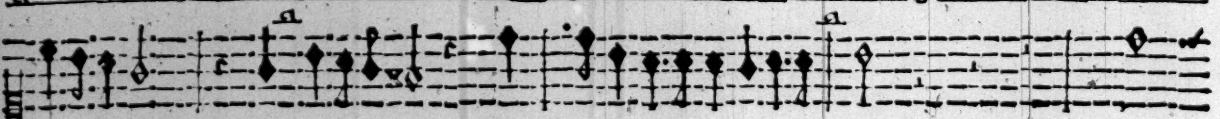
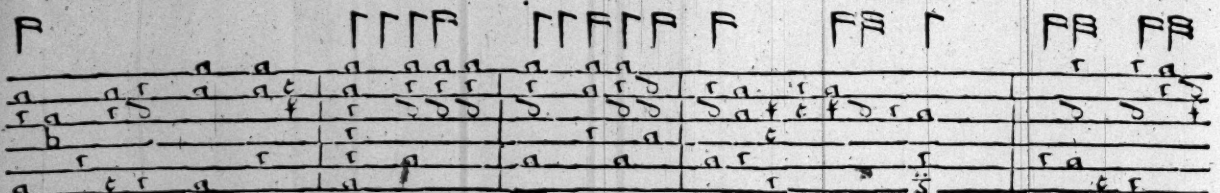
Hether so fast, see how the kindly kindly flowres, perfumes the aire, and



all to make thee stay, The climbing woodbind clipping al these bowrs, clips thee like- wise, clips ij.



wise, for feare thou passe a- way, *Fortune* our friend, our foe will not gainsay: Stay, stay but a while, stay ij.



stay ij.

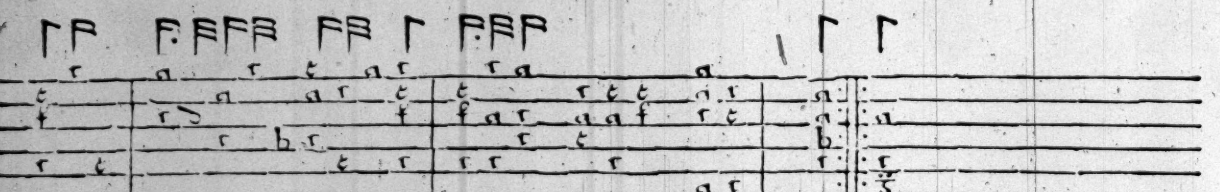
*Phæ-* be no teltale is, no teltale is,

She



her *En- di- mi- on*,

Ile my *Phæbe* kisse, my *Phæbe* kisse. Stay, stay, &c.



Feare not, the ground speakes but to kisse thy feete  
Harke, harke how *Philomela* sweetly sings,  
Whillt water wanton fishes as they meete,  
Strike crochet time amid't these christall springs,  
And *Zephrus* mong't the leaues sweet murmure rings,  
Stay but a while, *Phæbe* no teltale is,  
She her *Endimion*, Ile my *Phæbe* kisse.

See how the *Helitrope* hearbe of the Sunne  
Though he himselfe long since be gon to bed,  
Is not of force thine eyes bright beames to shun,  
But with their warmth his gouldy leaves vnspred,  
And on my knee inuites thee rest thy head.  
Stay but a while, *Phæbe* no teltale is,  
She her *Endimion*, Ile my *Phæbe* kisse,



W He-ther so fast, see how the kindly flowers perfume the air, and all to make thee stay.

The climbing Woodbind clipping all these bowers, clips thee likewise, clips ij. for feare thou passe away.

Fortune our friend, our foe will not gain- say. Stay, stay but a while, ij. Phaebe notel- tale is, no: ij. She her Endimion, Ile my Phaebe kisse, my Phaebe kisse. Stay, stay, &c.

ALTO.

V. BASSO.

W He-ther so fast, see how the kindly flowers perfume the ayre, & all to make thee stay: the climbing woodbind clipping all these bowers, clips thee likewise, clips: ij. for feare thou passe away. Fortune our friend, our foe will not gaine say: Stay, stay but a while, stay: ij. Phaebe notel-tale is, no: ij. She her Endimion, Ile my Phaebe kisse. Ile my Phaebe kisse my Phaebe kisse. Stay, stay: &c.

V.

TENORE.

W Hether so fast, see how the kindly flowers perfume the ayre, and all to make thee stay,

The clipping woodbind, clipping all these bowers, clips thee likewise, clips ij. for feare thou passe away.

Fortune our friend, our foe will not gane say. Stay, stay but a while, stay ij. stay ij. stay ij.

Phae-be notel-tale is, no: ij. no: ij. She her Endimion Ile my Phaebe kisse, my Phaebe kisse. Say, stay &c

D.ii.



## VI.

CANTO.



**R**est sweet Nymphs let goulden sleepe, charme your star brighter  
 Lute the watch doth keep with pleasing Impa- thies, Lulla lulla- by, Lulla Lulla-by, sleepe sweetly,  
 sleepe sweetly, let nothing affright ye, in calme con- tent- ments lie. Lulla, &c.

Dreame faire virgins of delight,  
 And blest Elizian groues:  
 Whiles the wandring shades of night,  
 Resemble your true loues :  
 Lulla lullaby, Lulla lullaby  
 ————  
 ———— your kisses your blisses send them by your wishes,  
 though they be not nigh.

Thus deare damzells I do giue  
Good night and so am gone :  
With your hartes desires long liue  
still ioy, and neuer mone.  
Lulla lullaby, Lulla lullaby  
Hath pleas'd you and eas'd you, & sweet slumber sezd you,  
And now to bed I hie.



R  
 Est sweet Nymphes, let goulden sleepe charme your star brighter eyes, whiles my Lute the  
 watch doth keepe with pleasant simpaties, Lulla lul-la-by, lul-la-by, lul-la-by, sleepe sweetly, sleepe  
 sweetly, let nothing affright ye, in calme content-ments lye. Lulla &c.

ALTO.

VI.

BASSO.

VI.

R  
 Est sweet Nymphes, let goulden sleepe charme your star brighter eyes,  
 whiles my Lute the watch doth keepe, with pleasing Simpaties. Lulla lul-la-by,  
 lul-la-by, sleepe sweetly, sleepe sweetly, let nothing affright ye, in  
 calme contentments lye. Lul-la &c.

VI.

TENORE

R  
 Est sweet Nymphes let goulden sleepe, charme your star brighter eyes, whiles my Lute the  
 watch dothe keepe, with pleasing sim-pathies. Lulla lul- laby, lul- laby, lul- laby, sleepe sweetly, sleepe  
 sweetly, let nothing affright ye, in calme contentments lye. Lulla &c.

E.



## VI.

## CANTO.



Est sweet Nimphs let goulden sleepe, charme your star brighter  
 eie, Whiles my

Lute the watch doth keep with pleasing simpa- thies, Lulla lulla-by, Lulla Lulla-by, sleepe sweetly,

sleepe sweetly, let nothing affright ye, in calme con- tent- ments lie. Lulla, &c.

Dreame faire virgins of delight,  
 And blest Elizian groves:  
 Whiles the wandring shades of night,  
 Resemble your true loues:  
 Lulla lullaby, Lulla lullaby  
 or kisses your blisses send them by your wishes,  
 although they be not nigh.

Thus deare damzells I do giue  
 Good night and so am gone:  
 With your hartes desires long liue  
 still ioy, and neuer mone.  
 Lulla lullaby, Lulla lullaby  
 Hath pleasd you and easd you, & sweet slum'ber sezd you,  
 And now to bed I hie.



**R** Est sweet *Nymphes* let goulden sleepe, charme your star brighter eyes, whiles my Lute the  
 watch dothe keepe, with pleasing sim-pathies. Lulla lul- laby, lul- laby, lul- laby, sleepe sweetly, sleepe  
 sweetly, let nothing affright ye, in calme contentments lye. Lulla &c.

**R** VI. VI. BASSO.

Est sweet Nymphes, let goulden sleepe charme your star brighter eyes,  
 whiles my Lute the watch doth keepe, with pleasing Simpathies: Lulla lul- laby,  
 lul- la- by, sleepe sweetly, sleepe sweetly, let nothing affright ye, in  
 calme contentments lye. Lul- la &c.

**R** VI. VI. ALTO.

Est sweet Nymphes, let goulden sleepe charme your star bright-ter eyes, whiles my Lute the  
 watch down keepe with pleasant simpathies, Lulla lul- la- by, lul- la- by, lul- laby, sleepe sweetly, sleepe  
 sweet- ly, let nothing affright ye, in calme content- ments lye. Lulla &c.



VII.

CANTO.



Y E mee, she frownes, my Mistrisse is of- fen - ded,

Oh pardon



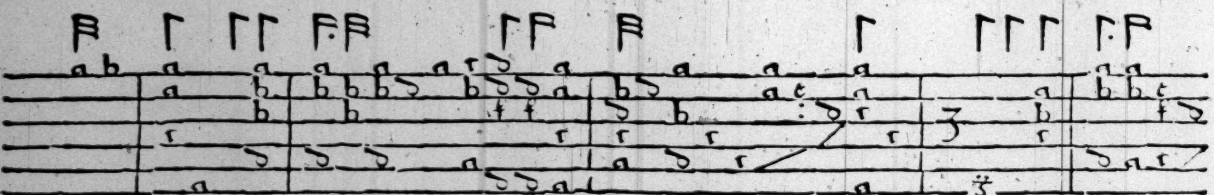
deare, my misse shall be a- mended:

My fault from loue proceeded, It merits grace



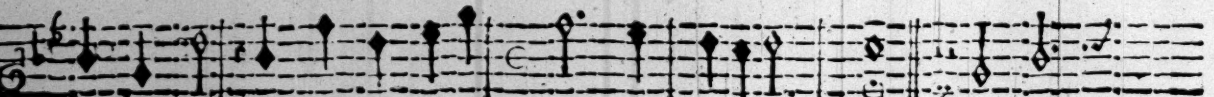
the rather, If I no dan- ger dreaded, it was to win your fauour.

Then cleere those

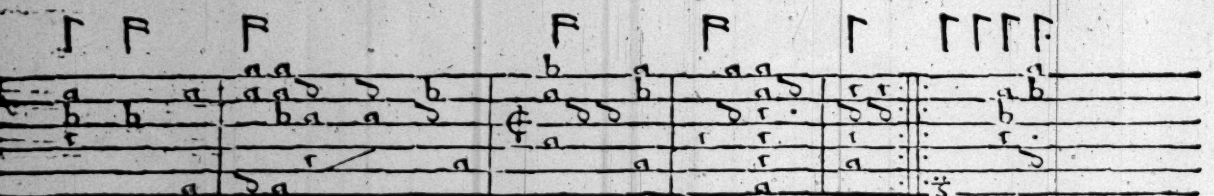


clouds, then smile on mee, And let vs bee good friends.

Come



walke, come talke, come kisse, come see, how soone our quarrell ends. Then cleere, &c.



Why tow'rs my loue, and blots so sweet a beautie,  
Oh be appeas'd with vowes, with faith and duetie:  
Gone ouer to be cruell, fith kindnesse seemes you better,  
You haue but chang'd a Juell, and loue is not your detter.  
Then welcome mirth, and banish mone, shew pittie on your louer,  
Come play, come sport, the thing that's gon no sorrow can recouer.

Still are you angry, and is there no relenting?  
Oh wiegh my woes, be mou'd with my lamenting:  
Alas my hart is griued, myne inward soule doth sorrow,  
Vnles I be releud, I dye before to morrow.  
The coast is cleard, her countnance cheard, I am againe in grace,  
Then farewell feare, then come my deare, lets dallie and embrace.



**A**

Yc mee, shee frownes, my Mistres is offended, Oh pardon deare, my misse shall be amended:  
 my fault from loue proceeded, it merits grace the rather: if I no danger dreaded, it was to win  
 thy fauour. Then cleare those Clouds, then smile on mee, and let vs bee good friends:  
 come walke, come talke, come kisse, come see, how soone our quarell ends. Then &c.

ALTO.

VII

**A**

Y mee, she frownes, my Mistres is offended, Oh  
 pardon deare, my misse shall be amended: my fault from loue pro-  
 ceeded, it merits grace the rather, if I no danger dreaded, it  
 was to win thy fauour. Then cleare those clouds, then smile on  
 mee, and let vs bee good friends: come walke, come talke, come  
 kisse, come see, how soone our quarell ends. Then.

VII

TENOR

**A**

Yc mee, she frownes, my Mistres is offended, Oh pardon deare, my misse shall be amended:  
 my fault from loue proceeded, it merits grace the rather, if I no danger dreaded, it was to win thy fauour.  
 Then cleare those Clouds, then smile on mee, & let vs bee good friends: come walke, come talke,  
 come kisse, come see, how soone our quarell ends. Then &c.

E.ii



## VIII.

## CANTO.



Ow let her change and spare not, since she proues false I care not, Fained

loue so bewitched my de- light, That still I doated on her sight, But she is gon, but ij.

but ij. New desires imbracing, And my deserts disgracing. But she is &c.

When did I erre in blindnesse,  
Or vex her with vnkindnesse,  
If my care did attend her alone,  
Why is she thus vntimely gone?  
True loue abides till the day of dying,  
False loue is euer flying.

Then false fare-well for euer,  
Once false proue faithfull neuer,  
He that now so triumphes in thy loue,  
Shall soone my present fortunes proue  
Were I as faire as diuine Adams,  
Loue is not had where none is.



VIII. TENORE.

**N** Ow let her change & spare not, since she proues false I care not: fained loue so bewitched  
 my delight that still I doated on her sight. But she is gon, but: ij. ij. new desires  
 embracing, and my defects disgracing. But: &c.

VIII. BASSO.

**N** Ow let her change & spare not, since she proues false I care not:  
 fained loue so bewitched my delight, that still I doated on her sight. But she is gon,  
 but: ij. ij. new desires embracing, and my defects  
 disgracing. But: &c.

VIII. ALTO.

**N** Ow let her change and spare not, since she proues false I care not: fained loue  
 so bewitched my delight, that still I doated on her sight. But she is gon, But: ij.  
 new desires embracing, and my defects disgracing. But: &c.



## IX.

## CANTO.



N- der- neath a *Cypria* shade, the Queene of Loue sat

♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩

♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩

♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩

mourning, Casting downe the Rosie wreaths, Her heavenly brow a- dor-

♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩

♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩

♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩

ning: Quenching fiery fighes with teares, But yet

♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩

♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩

♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩

her hart, but yet her hart, her hart still bur- ning. Quenching fi-rie

♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩

♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩

♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩

fighes with teares, but yet her hart, but yet her hart, her

♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩

♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩

♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩

hart still bur- ning.

♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩

♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩

♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩

2 For within the shady mourne, the cause of her complaining,  
*Mirrhas* Sonne the leavy bowres did haunt, her loue disdainning,  
 Counting all her true desires, in his fond thoughts but faining.

3 Why is youth with beauty graft, vnfeeling Iudge of vnkindnesse,  
 Spotting loue with the foule report, of crueltie and blindnesse,  
 Forcing to vnkind complaints, the Queene of all diuinenesse.

4 Stint thy teares faire Seaborne Queene, & greife in vaine lamented,  
 When desire hath burnt his hart, that thee hath discontented,  
 Then to late the scorne of youth, by age shall be repented.



**V** Ndermeth a *Cypri* shade, the Queene of Loue late mourning, casting downe the Rosy wreathes, her  
 heavenly brow ad- ring: quenching si'rie, si'rie sighes with teares quench: ij. but yet her hart,  
 yet her hart still burning. but: ij. but: ij. quenching si'rie, si'rie sighes with teares,  
 quench: ij. but yet her hart, yet her hart still burning. but: ij. but: ij.

**V** IX. **BASSO.**  
 Ndermeth a: The Queene of Loue late mourning, casting  
 down the Rosie wreathes her heavenly brow adorning: quenching si'rie  
 sighes, si'rie sighes with teares, quench: ij. but yet her  
 hart, but yet her hart, her hart still burning, quenching si'rie sighes,  
 si'rie sighes with teares, quench: ij. but yet her  
 hart, but yet her hart, her hart still burning.

IX. **TENORE.**

**V** Ndermeth a *Cypri* shade, the Queene of Loue late mour- ning, casting downe the Ro- sie  
 wreathes, her heavenly brow a-dorning, quenching si'rie sighes with teares, quenching: ij. but  
 yet her hart still burning, but yet her hart, but ij. still bur- ning, quenching si- rie sighes with teares,  
 but yet her hart still burning. but yet her hart, but yet her hart still bur- ning.

ALTO.



For his vnfortunate friend William Harwood.

X.

CANTO.

**S** Ound wo- full plants in hils and woods, Fly my cries to the skies, Melt  
mine eyes, and hart lan- guish, Not for the want of friends, or goods, make I  
moane, though alone, thus I groane by foules, an- guish. Time, friends, chance, goods, might againe  
re- couer, Black woes, sad griefes, ore my life doe houer, Since my losse is with dispaire, No  
blest Star to me shine faire, All my mirth turne to mourning, Hart lament, for hope is  
gon: is gon, Musick leaue, he learne to moane. Sorrowes the fads a- dor- ning. Since my, &c.

Ayemee my daies of blisse are done,  
Sorrowing must I sing, nothing can relieue mee:  
Eclipsed is my glorious Sunne,  
And mischance doth aduance horrors lance, still to greiue mee.  
Poore hart, ill happ hath all ioy bereft thee:

Gon's the sole good, which the Fates had left mee.  
Whose estate is like to mine? Fortune doth my weale repune,  
Enuying my one pleasure,  
Patience must mee assure, other plaster can not cure.  
Therefore in this my treasure.










  
 Ou that pine in long de- fire, helpe to cry. Come Loue, come Loue,
   



  
 quench this bur- ning fire, Least through thy wound I die. Least through thy wound I
   



  
 die. Least through thy wound I die. Come loue, &c.
   


- 2 Hope that tyres with vaine delay,  
     euer cryes  
 Come loue, come loue, howers and yeares decay,  
     In time loues treasure lyes.
- 3 All the day, and all the night  
     still I call  
 Come loue, come loue, but my deare delight,  
     yealds no releefe at all.
- 4 Her vnkindnesse scornes my moane,  
     that still shrykes  
 Come loue, come loue, beauty pent alone  
     dyes in her owne dislikes.



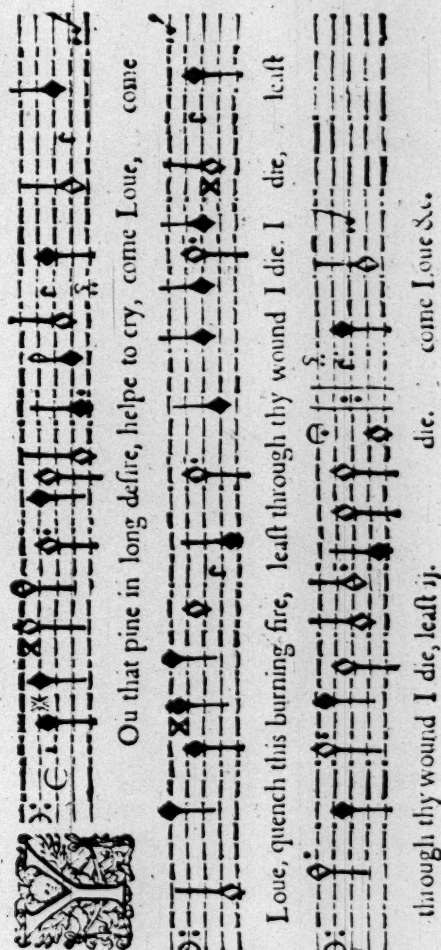


ALTO.

XI.

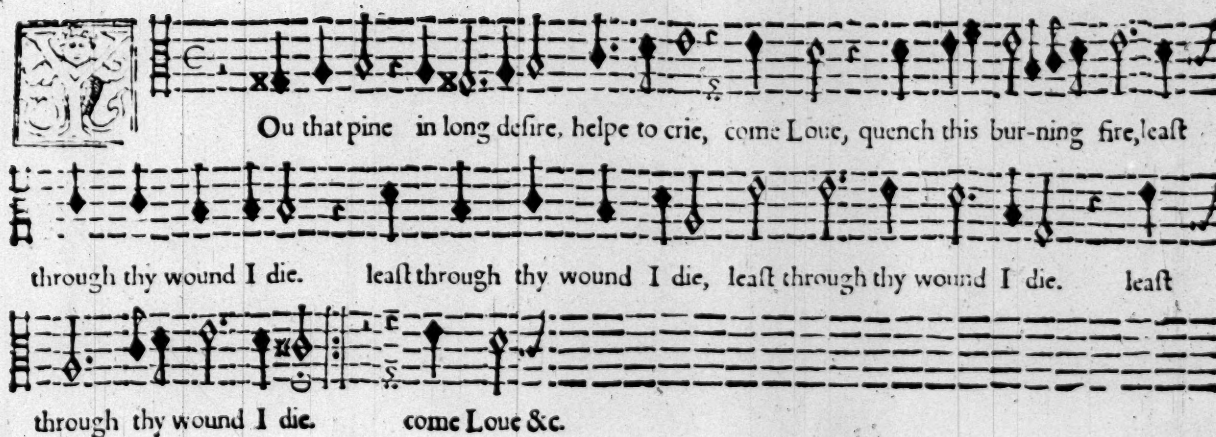
BASSO.

XI.



XI.

TENORE.



C.ii





Ooke Mistresse mine within this hol-low brest, See heere in- clofd a

tombe of tender skin, wherin fast lockt is f. and a Phe-nix nest, That saue your

selfe, there is no passage in. Witnesse the wound that through your dart doth bleed, And

craues your cure, and ij. and ij. since you haue done the deed. Witnesse, &c.

Wherefore most rare and *Phenix* rarely fine,  
Behould once more the harmes I do possesse :  
Regard the hart that through your fault doth pine,  
Attending rest yet findeth no redresse.  
For end, waue wings and set your nest on fire,  
Or pittie mee, and grant my sweet desire.



**L** Ooke mistres mine, within this hollow brest, see heere inclos'd a tombe of tender skin, within fast lockt is fram'd a *Phenix* nest, that, save our selfe, there is no passage in. Wit-  
 nesse the wound, that through your dart doth bleed, and craues your cure, since  
 have done the deed. Witnesse the &c.

**XII.**  
**BASSO.**  
**L** Ooke mistres mine within this hollow brest, see heere in-clos'd a tombe  
 of tender skin, wherein fast lockt is fram'd a *Phenix* nest, that, save your selfe, here is,  
 there is no passage in. Witnesse the wound that through your dart doth bleed, &  
 craues your cure, & ij. since you have done the deed - witnesse.


**XII.** **TENORE.**  
**L** Ooke mistres mine within this hollow brest, see heere inclos'd a tombe of tender skin, within fast lockt is  
 fram'd a *Phenix* nest, that, save your selfe, there is no passage in, there is no passage in. Witnesse the wound  
 that through your dart doth bleed, and craues your cure, & ij. & ij. since you have done the deed.



XIII.

CANTO.





Lime O hart, clime to thy rest, Climing yet take heed  
 of falling, Climers oft euen at their best, catch loue, downe falth, hart appa-ling. Climers, &c.

3 Rise, oh rise, but rising tell,  
When her beautie brauely wins thee,  
T'fore vp where that she doth dwell,  
Downe againe thy basenesse brings thee.

For though beauty doth approue her,  
Mildnesse giues her greater grace.

3 Rise then rise if she bid rise,  
Rising say thou risest for her ;  
Fall if she do thee dispise,  
Falling still do thou adore her.

6 If thy plaint do pittie gaine,  
Loue and liue to her honor :  
If thy seruice she disdain,  
Dying yet complaine not on her.



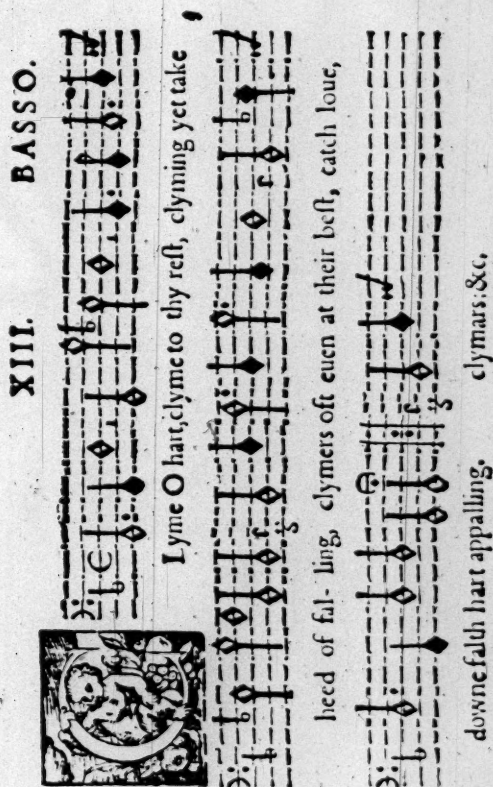
To his louing friend M. Holder M. of Arts. XIII. ALTO.

**C** Lime O hart, clime to thy rest, Clim-ing yet take heede of fal-ling, Climars oft euen at their best, catch Loue, downe salt'h hart ap-palling. Climars &c.



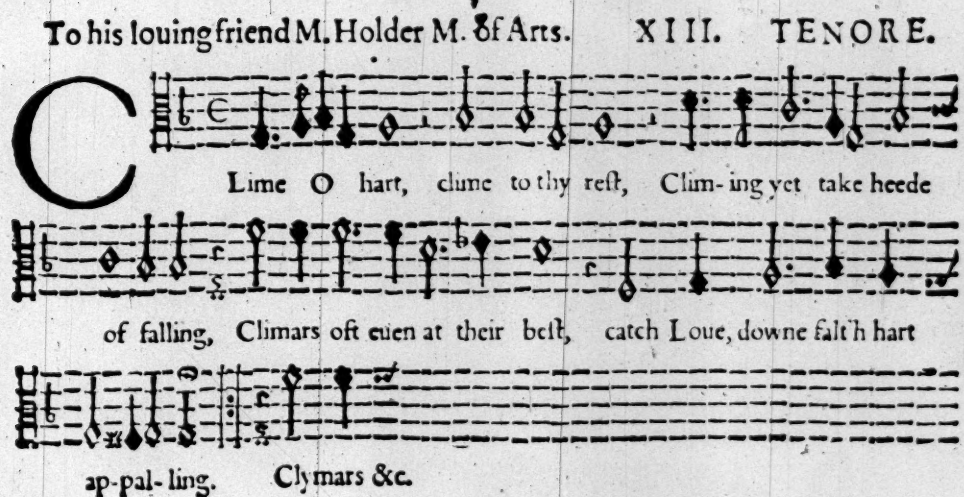
XIII. BASSO.

**C** Lyne O hart, clyme to thy rest, clyming yet take heed of fal-ling, clymers oft euen at their best, catch loue, downe salt'h hart appalling. clymars &c.



To his louing friend M. Holder M. of Arts. XIII. TENORE.

**C** Lime O hart, clime to thy rest, Clim-ing yet take heede of falling, Climars oft euen at their best, catch Loue, downe salt'h hart ap-pal-ling. Clymars &c.







Hanks gentle Moone for thy obscured light, My Loue and I be- traid thou

let vs free, And Zephirus as ma-ny vn- to thee, Whose blasts con- ceald, the pleasures of the night,

Re- solve to her thou gaue, content to mee. But be those bowers still fild with Ser- pents hisses,

That fought by treason, that is. to be- tray our kif- fes. to betray our

kisses. But be those, &c.

• And thou false A bor with thy bed of Rose,  
 Wherin, wheron tocht equall with louses fyre,  
 We reapt of eather other louses desire,  
 With the twining plants that thee enclose.  
 Oh be thy bowers still fild with serpents hisses,  
 That fought by treason, to betray our kisses.

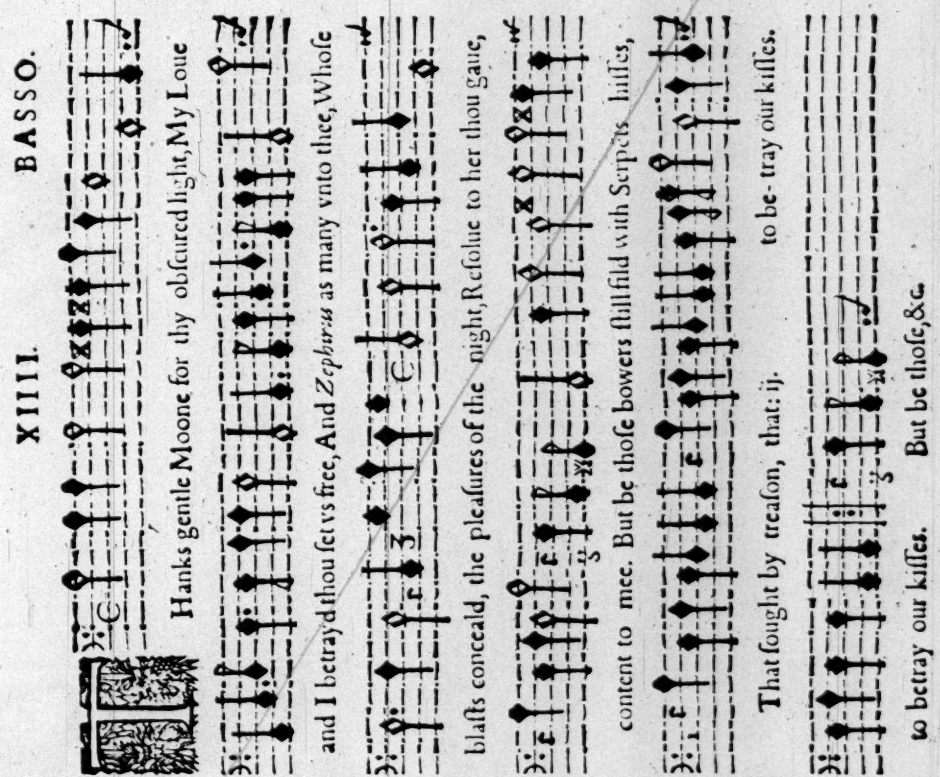
Torne be the frame, for thou didst thankles hide,  
 A trayterous spy, her brother, and my foe,  
 Who fought by death, our ioyes to vnder goe,  
 And by that death, our passions to deuide,  
 Leauing to our great vows, eternall woe.  
 Oh be thy bowers still fild with serpents hisses,  
 That fought by treason, to betray our kisses.




 Hanks gentle Moone for thy obscured light, My Loue and I betraid thou set vs free, And *Zephirus* as  
 many vn-to thee, whose blasse conceald, the pleasures of the night, Resolue to her thou gaue, content to  
 mee. But be those bowers still filld with Serpents hisses, That fought by treason, that is, to betray our kisses. But be those &c.

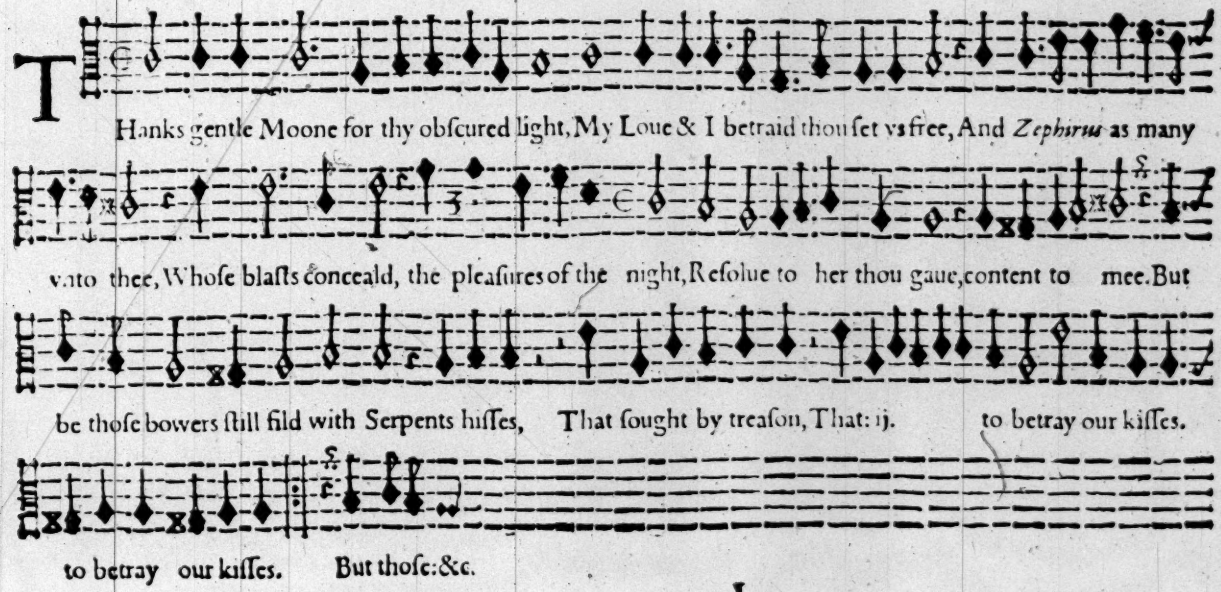
ALTO.

XIIII.


 Hanks gentle Moone for thy obscured light, My Loue  
 and I betrayd thou set vs free, And *Zephirus* as many vn-to thee, Whose  
 blasse conceald, the pleasures of the night, Resolue to her thou gaue,  
 content to mee. But be those bowers still filld with Serpents hisses,  
 That fought by treason, that is, to betray our kisses. But be those &c.

XIIII.

TENORE.


 Hanks gentle Moone for thy obscured light, My Loue & I betraid thou set vs free, And *Zephirus* as many  
 vn-to thee, Whose blasse conceald, the pleasures of the night, Resolue to her thou gaue, content to mee. But  
 be those bowers still filld with Serpents hisses, That fought by treason, That is, to betray our kisses.  
 to betray our kisses. But those &c.





Sigh as sure to weare the fruit of the Wil- low  
tree, I sigh as sure to lose my sute, for it may not bee.  
I sigh as one that loues in vaine, I sigh as one that liues  
in paine, very forie, ij. ij. very weary of my  
mi- se- rie. I &c.

2 I hate my thoughts which like the Flie, flutter in the flame,  
I hate my teares which drop, and dry, quench and fric the same:  
I hate the hart which frozen burnes, I hate the hart which chosen turnes,  
Too and from mee, making of mee nothing but a game.

3 My thoughts are fuell to desire, which my hart doth moue,  
My teares are oyle to feed the fire, smart whereof I proue:  
She laughs at sighes that come from mee, I sigh at laughs in her so free,  
Who doth glory, in the storie of my forie loue.

4 Her lovely lookes, and louelesse mind doe not well agree,  
Her quick conceipt, and iudgement blind, as ill suted bee:  
Her forward wit, and froward hart, that like to knir, this glad to part,  
Makes so prettie, and so wittie, not to pittie mee.

5 The more I seeke, the lesse I find what to trust vnto,  
The more I hold, the lesse I bind, she doth still vndoe:  
I weave the web of idle loue, which endles will, and frudes proue,  
If the pleasure for the measure of my treasure goe.




lives in paine, very fory, ve: ij. I  
 it will not bee, for it will not bee, I figh as one that loves in vaine, that loves in vaine, I figh as one that  
 Sigh as sure to weare the fruit of the willow tree, I figh as sure to lose my sute, my sute, for

ALTO

XV.

BASSO.

XV.



Sigh as sure to weare the fruit, of the willow tree, I figh as sure,  
 I figh as sure to loose my sute, for it will not bee. I figh as one that loves in vaine,  
 loves in vaine, I figh as one that lives in paine, ve-ry fo-ry ve-ry ij.  
 ve-ry fo-ry, ve-ry weary of my mi-se-ry. I figh &

XV.

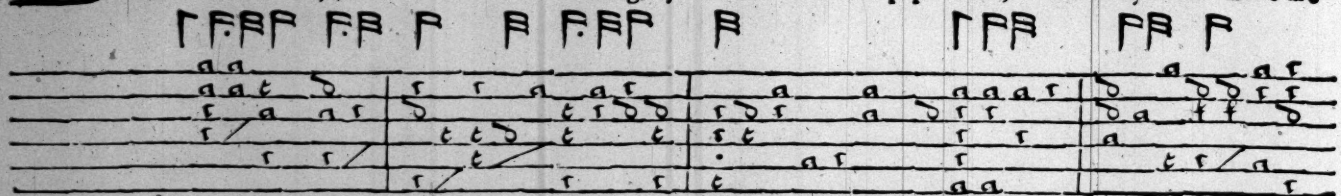
TENORE

Sigh as sure to weare the fruit, the fruit of the willow tree, I figh as sure to loose my sute, for it  
 will not bee, for it will not be. I figh as one that loves in vaine, I figh as one that lives in paine:  
 very fo-ry, very: ij. very fory very wery of my mi-se-ry. I figh &c.

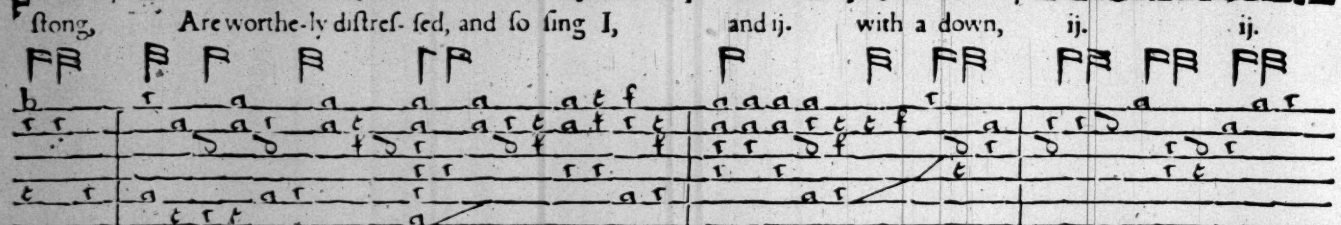
I. ii.



**D** Own a down, ij. Thus Phillis sung, by Fan- cie once op-pref- sed, Who so by foolish Loue are



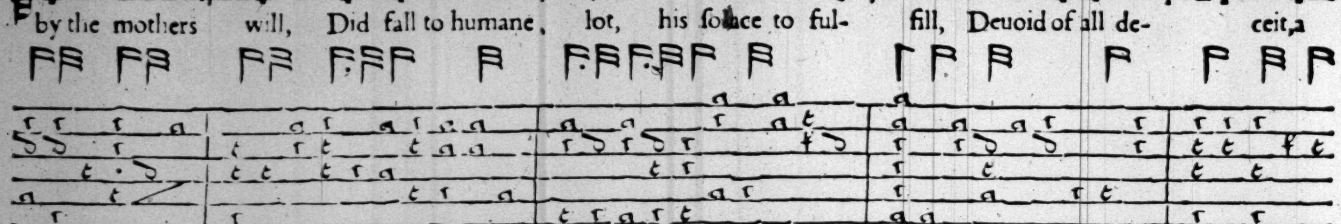
song, Are worthe-ly distref- sed, and so sing I, and ij. with a down, ij. ij.



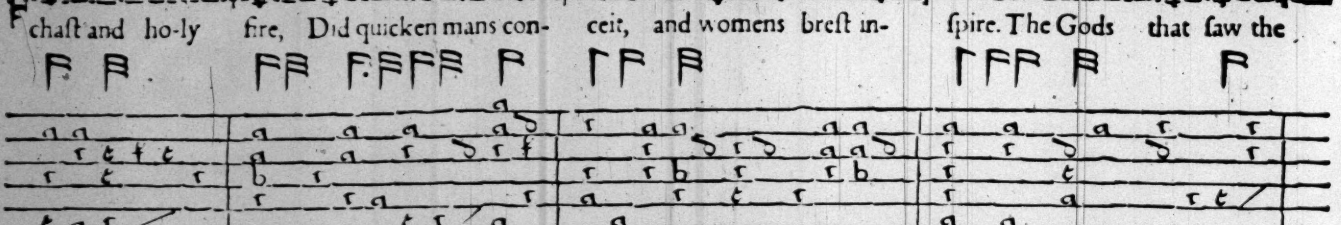
with a down a down a down. **1 Verse.** **W** Hen Loue was first be- got, and



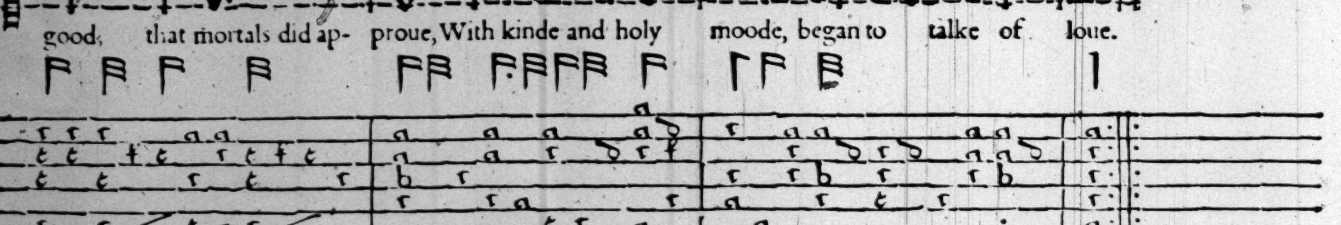
by the mothers will, Did fall to humane, lot, his solace to ful- fill, Deuoid of all de- ceit,



chast and ho-ly fire, Did quicken mans con- ceit, and womens brest in- spire. The Gods that saw the



goods that mortals did ap- proue, With kinde and holy moode, began to talke of loue. **Chorus.** Downe a downe.



2 But during this accord, a wonder strange to heare  
Whilst loue in deed and word, most faithfull did appeare:  
False semblance came in place, by Ielocie attended,

And with a double face, both loue and fancie blended,  
Which made the gods forsake, and men from fancie flie,  
And maidens scorne a mate, forsooth and so will I.

Chorus.

Downe a downe, &c.



Chorus. **D**owne a &c.

And so sing I, and ij. with a downe, with ij. with a downe downe with a ij. a downe a downe.

Verfes.

When Loue: &c.

Chorus.

Downe a &c.

Chorus. **D**owne a: &c.

Chorus.

Downe a: &c.

When Loue: &c.

Verfes.

With a downe a downe a downe.

ij. & so sing I with a downe, ij.

Owne a: &c.

Chorus.

XVI.

BASSO.

Chorus. **D**owne a &c.

And so sing I, with a downe, ij. with a downe a, with a downe a downe a downe downe.

Verfes.

When Loue: &c.

Chorus.

Downe a: &c.

K.

TENORE.

XVI.





**D** I-a-phe-mi-a like the Dafdown-dillie, White as the Sunne, faire as the

Lillie, Heigh ho, heigh ho, how I doe loue thee: I doe loue thee as my Lambs, Are be-lo-ued of

their dambs, How blest were I if thou wouldst proue mee. I doe, &c.

2 *Diaphenia* like the spreading Roses,  
That in thy sweetes, all sweetes incloses,  
Faire sweete how I doe loue thee ?  
I doe loue thee as each flower,  
Loves the Sunnes life giuing power,  
For dead, thy breath to life might moue mee.

3 *Diaphenia* like to all things blessed,  
When all thy praises are expressed,  
Deare ioy, how I doe loue thee ?  
As the birds doe loue the spring,  
Or the Bees their carefull king,  
Then in requite, sweete virgin loue mee.



**D** I-a-*phe-ni-a* like the Daf-down-dillie, white as the Sunne, faire as the Lillie, Heigh ho,  
 heigh ho, how I doe loue thee, I doe loue thee as my Lambes, are beloued of their dambs: how blest were I if  
 thou wouldst proue mee. I doe &c.

ALTO.

**XVII.** **BASSO.**

**XVII.** I-a-*phe-ni-a* like the Daf-down-dillie, white as the Sunne faire  
 as the Lillie, Heigh ho, heigh ho, how I doe loue thee, I doe loue thee as my Lambes,  
 are beloued of their dambs, how blest were I if thou wouldst proue mee. I doe &c.

**XVII.** **TENORE.**

**D** I-a-*phe-ni-a* like the daf-down-dillie, white as the Sunne, faire as the Lillie, Heigh ho,  
 heigh ho, how I doe loue thee: I doe loue thee as my Lambes, are beloued of their dambs, how blest  
 were I if thou wouldst proue mee. I doe loue &c.





Eautie sat bathing by a spring, Where fairest shades did hide her: The

winds blew calme, the birds did sing, The coole streames ranne be- side her.

My wanton thoughts entic'd mine eie, To see what was for- bidden: But better memory said fie, So

vaine de- fire was chidden. Hey no- ny, hey no-

ny, hey ij. hey nony no nony nony. Hey, &c.

Into a slumber then I fell,  
When fond imagination,  
Seemed to see, but could not tell,  
Her feature, or her fashion.

But euen as Babes in dreames doe smile,  
And sometime fall a-weeping:  
So I a-wakt as wise this while,  
As when I fell a sleeping.  
Hey nonnie, nonnie. &c.



Eautie fat bathing by a spring, Where fairest shades did hide her: The winds blew calme, the  
 Birds did sing, The coole streames ranne beside her, beside her. My wanton thoughts entic'd mine eie, mine  
 eye, To see what was forbidden: But better memory said fie, So vaine desire was chidden. Hey nony  
 nonie, hey: ij. nonie, nonie, hey: ij. hey, ij. nonie, nonie, hey: ij. Hey nonie, &c.

ALTO.

XVIII.

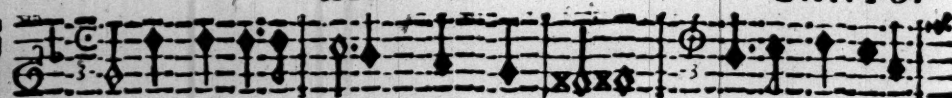
**B** Eautie fat bathing by a spring, Where fairest shades  
 did hide her: The winds blew calme, the Birds did sing, The coole  
 streames ranne beside her, bee-side her. My wanton thoughts en-  
 tic'd mine eye, To see what was forbidden: But better memory said  
 fie, So vaine desire was chidden. Hey nonie nonie, hey: ij.  
 nonie, hey: ij. hey: ij. hey: ij. hey  
 no. me. Hey nonie, &c.

XVIII.

TENORE

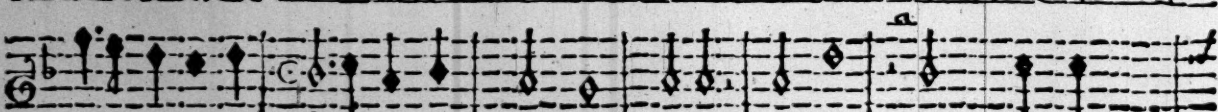
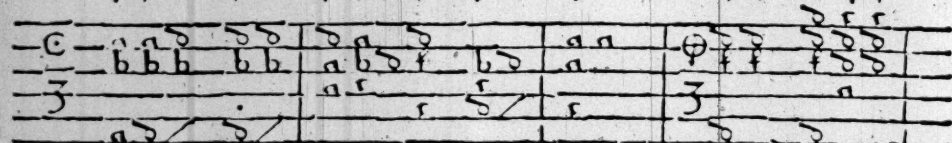
**B** Eautie fat bathing by a spring, Where fairest shades did hide her: The winds blew calme, the  
 birds did sing, The coole streames ranne beside her, beside her. My wanton thoughts entic'd, entic'd  
 mine eie, To see what was forbidden: But better me-mory said fie, So vaine desire was chidden. Hey  
 nony, ij. hey ij. hey ij. nony. Hey &c.





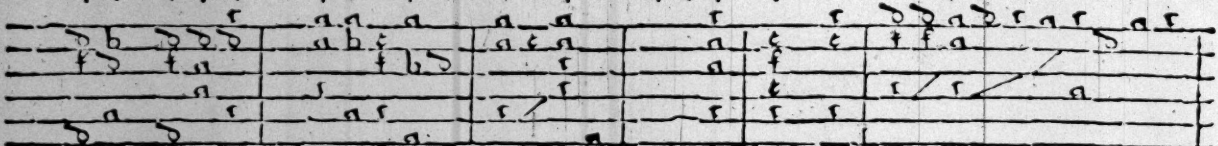
Vsick deare follace, to my thoughts neg- lected, Musick time sporter,

FF FFF F F F F F F F F F F



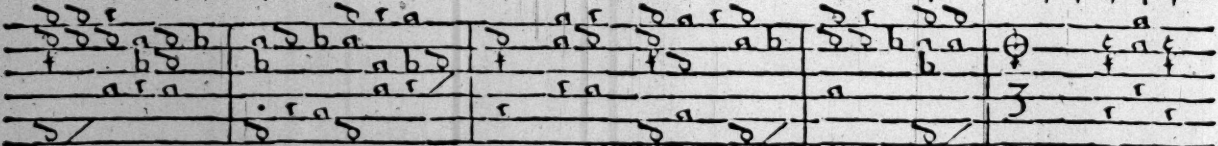
Musick time sporter, to my most res- pect- ed, Sound on, sound on, thy gol- den

FF FFF F F F F F F F F F F



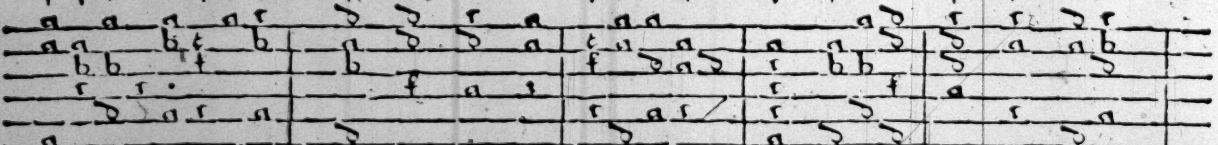
harmony is such, That whilst she doth vouchsafe her E-ven Lute to touch. By descant

FFF FFF F F F F F F F F F F F F F F



numbers I doe nimblely clime, from Loues se- cluse, Vnto his Courts, vn-to his Courts wher I in

FFF FFF F F F F F F F F F F F F



fresh attire, at- tire my Muse. Py descant, &c.

F FFF F F F F F F F F F F F




2 I doe compare her fingers swift resounding,  
Vnto the heauens Sphæricall rebounding:  
Harke, harke, the sings no forst, but breathing sound I heare,  
And such the concord *Diapasons* thee doth reare,  
As when th'immortall god of nature from his seate above,  
First formd words all, & fairely it combin'd, combin'd by loue

3 Diuine *Appollo* bee not thou offended,  
That by her better skill thy skills amended,  
Schollers doe oft more lore, then maisters theirs attaine,  
Though thine the ground, all parts in one though the containe,  
Yet maist thou triumph that thou hast a Scholler onely one,  
That can her Lute to thine, and to thy voice, her voice attone.




 M  
 Vlick deere solace to my thoughts neglected, Musicke time sporter, to my most  
 respected, Sound on, sound on, thy golden harmony is such, That whilst shee doth vouchsafe her  
 Ebon Lute to touch, By descant numbers I doe nim-bly clime, from Loues secluse, vnto his Courts, vn-  
 to his Courts, where I in fresh attire at- tire my Muse. By descant numbers &c.

ALTO.


 M  
 Vlick deere solace, to my thoughts neglected, Musick  
 time sporter, Musick time sporter, to my most respected,  
 Sound on, sound on thy goulden harmony is such, That whilst  
 shee doth, shee doth vouchsafe her Ebon Lute to touch. By descant  
 numbers I do enimbly clime, from Loues secluse, Vnto his courts vn-  
 to his Courts, where I in fresh attire, at- tire my  
 Muse By descant &c.


 M  
 Vlick deere solace to my thoughts neglected, Musick time sporter, Musick time sporter, to my  
 most respected: Sound on, sound on, thy golden harmony is such, That whilst shee doth, shee doth vouch-  
 safe her Ebon Lute to touch. By descant numbers I doe nimbly clime, from Loues secluse, vnto  
 his Courts, vnto his Courts, where I in fresh attire at- tire my Muse. By descant, &c.





With fragrant flowers we strew the way, And make this our chiefe

ho- ly day, For though this Clime were blest of yore, Yet was it

ne-uer proud before: O gracious King, O ij. O ij. O ij.

of second Troy, Ac-cept of our vn- fained ioy. O, &c

Now th'Aire is sweeter then sweet Balme,  
And Satires daunce about the Palme:  
Now earth with verdure newly dight,  
Gives perfect signes of her delight.  
O gracious King of second Troy,  
Accept of our vnfained ioy.

Now Birds record new harmonie,  
And trees doe whistle melodie:  
Now euery thing that Nature breeds  
Doth clad it selfe in pleasant weeds.  
O gracious King of second Troy,  
Accept of our vnfained ioy.



W

1th fragrant flowers we strew the way, And make this our chiefe ho-ly day,

For though this Clime were blest of yore, Yet was it ne-uer proud before: O gra- cious King,

O ij. O ij. O ij. O ij. of second Troy, Accept of our vn-fained ioy. O, &c.

ALTO XX.

BASSO.

XX.

W

1th fragrant flowers we strew the way, And make this our chiefe

holy day, For though this Clime were blest of yore, yet was it ne-uer proud be-

fore: O gracious King, O ij. O ij. O ij. O ij.

of second Troy, Ac-cept of our vn-fained ioy. O gracious &c.

XX.

TENORE.

VV

1th fragrant flowers we strew the way, And make this our chiefe ho-ly day, For

though this Clime were blest of yore, Yet was it neuer proud before: O gracious King, O ij.

O ij. O ij. O ij. of second Troy, Accept of our vn-fained ioy. O gracious &c.

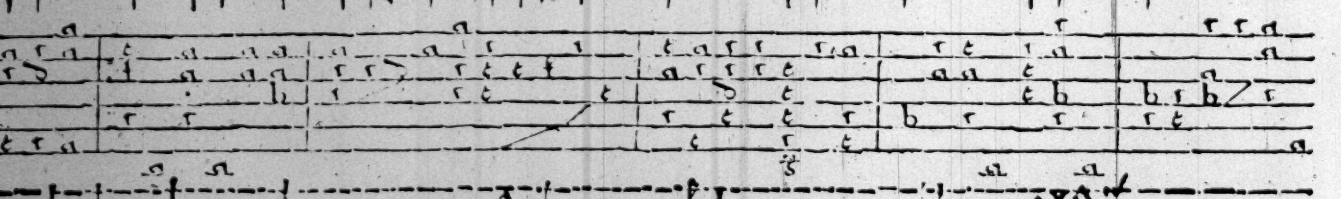
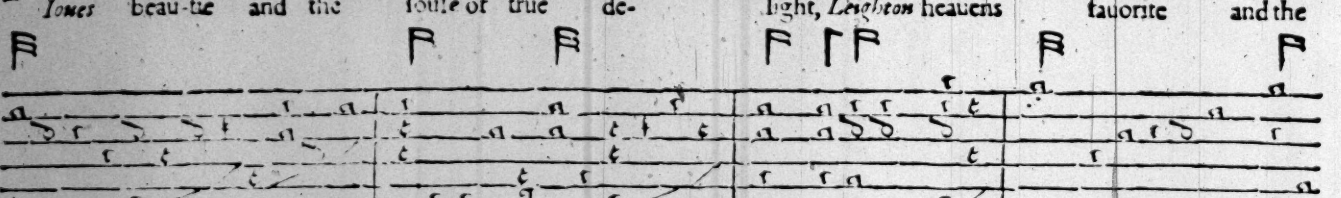
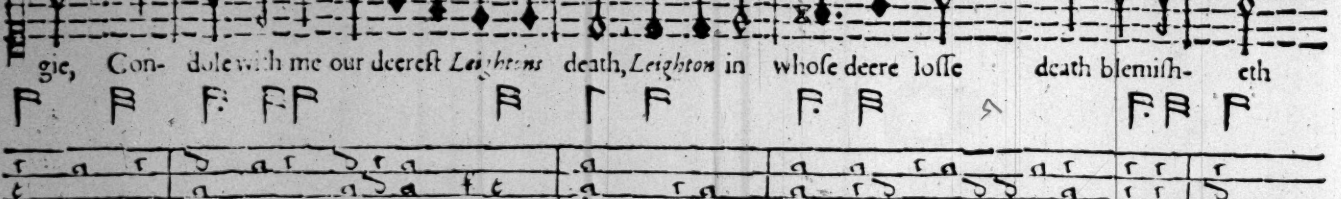
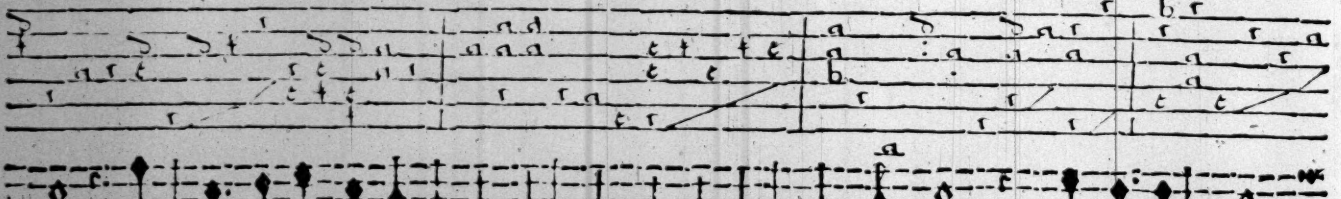
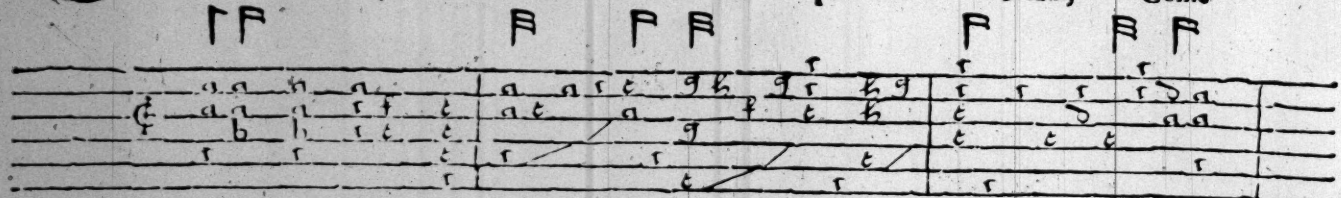
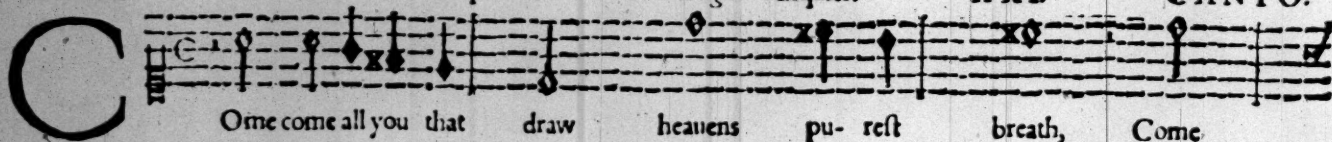
M.



An Elegie in remembrance of his Worshippfull friend *Thomas Leighton* Esquier.

XXI

CANTO.



Come then sith Seas of teares, sith sighes and grones,  
Sith mournfull plaints, lowd cries, and deepe laments,  
Haue all in vaine deplored these drerements,  
And fate in- explorable scornes our mones,  
Let vs in accents graue, and saddell tones,

Offer vp Musicks dolefull sacrifice:  
Let these accords which notes distinguish frame,  
Serue for memoriall to sweet Leightons name,  
In whose sad death Musicks delight now dies.



Alto. XXI. An Elegie, in remembrance of his Worshippfull friend, Thomas Leighton Esquire.

Omne come all you that draw heaues purest breath, Come Angell breffed sonnes, come ij.

of har-mo-ny, Let vs condole in tragick E-ligie, con-dole with mee our deereft Leightons death,

Leighton in whose deere losse death blemisheth, *Jones* beaue and the soule of true delight, *Leighton*

heauen fauoret and the Muses Jew-ell, Muses and heauen onely here in too cru-ell, *Leighton* to heauen, to

heauen, *Leighton* to heauen, hath tane too timely flight. *Leighton* &c.

Basso. XXI. An Elegie &c.

Omne come all you that draw heaues purest

breath, Come Angell breffed sonnes of harmony, Let vs con-

dole in tragick Elgie, Condole with mee our deereft *Leightons*

death *Leighton* in whose deere losse death blemisheth *Jones*

beaue and the soule of true delight. *Leighton* heauen

fauorite and the Muses Jewell, Muses and heauen onely

herein too cruell, *Leighton* to heauen, *Leigh* to heu-

hath tane too timely flight. *Leighton* to heauen, &c.

Tenore. XXI. An Elegie, in remembrance of his Worshippfull friend, Thomas Leighton Esquire.

Omne come all you that draw heaues purest breath, Come Angell breffed sonnes, come ij.

of har-mo-ny, Let vs condole in tragick Elgie, Condole with mee our deereft *Leightons* death, *Leighton*

in whose deere losse death blemisheth *Jones* beaue, and the soule of true delight, *Leighton* heauen fauoret and

the Muses Jewell, Muses and heauen onely heerein too cruell, *Leighton* to heauen, to ij to heauen

hath tane too timely flight. *Leighton*, &c.



**A**

Pauin.

XXII.

BASSO.

A Pauin for the Lute and Base Violl.

XXII.

FINIS.



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